

# Good Morning

S13

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

"Good Morning" is pleased to have the privilege of presenting these pictures and the story of the Submariners' Chapel, H.M.S. "Dolphin," which has been largely equipped by the efforts of men of the Submarine Branch.

By Ronald Richards

SAILORS and W.R.N.S. Marines, soldiers and A.T.S. airmen and W.A.A.F.s all go there now because the Church of St. Ambrose welcomes all. Thirty years ago, however, it was very different. Only sailors and Marines were permitted to cross the threshold. Then, very often, the meeting resulted in drawn bayonets and escorts to the Guard Room opposite, because it wasn't a church then. It was a licensed bar.

Now it is a place of worship for all ranks of the armed Forces at H.M.S. "Dolphin."

When Rev. H. Brodie invited me into the chapel he told me the history of each piece of panelling, each piece of furniture, and every decoration.

Most of the panelling was presented by Chief and Petty Officers and ship's company of H.M.S. "Dolphin." The Lectern and Bible were provided by Captain R. B. Darke, D.S.O., and contributions from the congregation during a service. Just inside the door is the new Font, which was presented in memory of Lt. Malcolm David Wanklyn, of H.M. Submarine "Upholder," by his mother.

A Sanctuary chair was given by the parents of Lt. Gordon Denne Browne, who died in 1940. Another was placed by Rev. B. Beale, R.N., in 1937.

Contributions from various wardrooms were sufficient to supply 150 new pews and a prayer book for each.

The Pulpit, the organ, the altar, the choir stalls and the carpet were all provided by submariners.

In a corner near the altar is the ensign made by members of the Women's Sections



The Reverend H. M. Brodie, M.A., R.N.V.R., in the pulpit of the Submariners' Chapel.

# SUBMARINERS' OWN CHAPEL



A general view of the interior of the Chapel. The light oak panelling forms an ideal background for the brightly emblazoned crests of the submarines.

of the Birkenhead Branch of the British Legion for H.M. Submarine "Thetis."

Round the walls are crests of H.M. Submarines "Porpoise," "Rainbow," "Oberon," "Alecto," "Seahorse," and scores of other craft on active service.

The crests are made in the "Dolphin" workshops and painted by W.R.N.S.

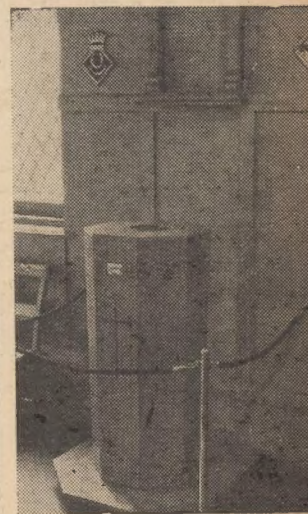
At the Sunday morning service W.R.N.S. form the choir,

and the organ is played by a civilian from Portsmouth.

There have been two weddings in the Chapel and several christenings.

Rev. H. Brodie is the twelfth chaplain in this submariners' chapel. On the wall above the font is a list of the names of his predecessors.

Each of them, no doubt, in his turn, enjoying the respect and confidences bestowed upon Rev. Brodie.



The Font, presented by the mother of the late Lieut. Malcolm David Wanklyn, of "Upholder," has already been used in the christening of several children of submariners.

## Beneath the Surface

With AL MALE

Regret is an appalling waste of energy; you can't build on it: it's only good for wallowing in.—Katherine Mansfield.

AND how many of us positively wallow in it?

How many times do we hear people sigh and say "If only—?"

I try to figure it out like this (and I reckon I've committed as many damn-fool things as most people, and many more than most), I think, well, I weighed up all the circumstances at the time... thought I was doing the right thing... or what I wanted to do, right or doubtful... and then did it, so what's the good. Given the same conditions, including the same frame of mind... damme, I would certainly do the same again.

The trouble with us is that if we do what we thought right at the time, and then find that it was about the craziest thing we could have done, and has produced the most devastating complications... we reckon we ought to have known better... forgetting the supreme fact that the only reason we know better NOW is because of how things turned out.

Had they turned out otherwise, we would never have had cause to regret.

### Over-caution

So many of us are so fond of "safety first" in everything. We want security. We want affection. We want promotion. We want a spot more luxury

... and we want it all on a plate; we hesitate to take a chance.

Then, when someone else in identical circumstances takes the chance and gets away with it, we call him a lucky so-and-so, and from then on regret our inactivity or lack of courage.

We've become so saturated with that saying, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," that we imagine that if we fear to tread any darn place we automatically become angels, and our wings almost gate-crash through our clothes.

Waste not one moment on regret.

By all means learn the lesson, and put it to use; then you'll get somewhere.

### Don't blame the other Guy

A man can fail many times, but he isn't a failure until he blames somebody else.—"Buffalo News."

Now, that looks very interesting on paper, and I thank the "Buffalo News" for making it read so simple, but very often a man is thwarted so much by others that, unless he can pull himself together, and then some, he will be a failure.

Trouble is that people with a complex are so afraid of hurting the feelings of others (often without feelings) that they knowingly sacrifice their ambitions rather than inconvenience the selfish "others."

Their reward (?) is, the other people get all they want, and the obliging one gets a grudgingly given "Thank you," and a permanent regret to wallow in.

### Contemptible People

On the other hand, there are people who would crush the face of their own mother if it meant a step higher or a couple of inches nearer their appointed goal.

These latter people are despicable.

No matter what heights they attain, they can only be looked down on with utter contempt.

One has to find the happy medium.

Try to set a standard, or fix a mark, and go for it to the utmost of your ability, without treading down everybody, yet also without being unduly influenced by others who are thinking of themselves only.

And if you fail (and you'll be darned lucky if you succeed first time... or will you?), don't blame anyone, but look-see where you slipped up, and learn from it.

Amazing how each lesson strengthens your armour, and makes things easier than you ever dreamed.

### As Americans say it

The "Buffalo News" may not have thought of that piece of wisdom, but our American cousins are certainly expert at snappy description. The following Service slang phrases strike me as being particularly cute: Cockpit fog—mental confusion; Chinese landing—One Wing Low; head-bucket—helmet; and (the creamiest surely) Ulcer Gulch—cookhouse.

Calling a spade a spade isn't always the most descriptive, is it?

Cheerio and Good Hunting. AL MALE.



A close-up of the Altar, before which weddings have already been solemnised.

## HIGH SPEED MERCY SHIPS

HAVE you boys seen one of the new high-powered rescue launches of the R.A.F.? They are coming into service wherever the Air Force operates over the narrow seas—which means practically everywhere round the shores of Europe these days.

Seventy-three feet long, flat-bottomed, and with a draught of six feet, these newcomers to the Air-Sea Rescue Service can do 25 knots at top. They are driven by two Thornycroft Y.12 engines, each of 650 h.p., and two Vosper V.8s which are used for slow speed and for driving the boat's auxiliaries.

Hull and deckhouses are constructed of laminated wood, which gives lightness and strength, and the shape of the hull helps to give her steadiness in bad weather.

A roomy cabin amidships, half-sunk in the deck, can take ten to twelve stretchers, and, if necessary, other stretcher cases can be put in other parts of the vessel. Rope ladders on each side of the launch can be used by uninjured airmen to climb aboard.

When she is cruising around, waiting for action, the launch uses her V.8s. When a "mercy message" comes through she can switch over to the Thornycrofts and leap away on the job for which she exists.

Her wireless installation enables her to pick up messages sent out by airmen floating on rubber dinghies equipped with radio transmitters, as many of them are.

The launch is easily recognisable from the air. Her deck and deckhouses are painted bright yellow, with a large R.A.F. marking.

Experience has shown that the Jerries have no mercy for mercy ships. This has been recognised in her design, and if she is attacked from the air or the sea, her attacker will find she has a sting.

There is plenty of work for the rescue ships, now that our planes are flying over the seas in hundreds of sorties by day and by night. In one month over 200 rescue runs were made by the mercy ships, and some of their rescues were made 200 miles from land.

## POOR BOYS MAY GO TO COLLEGE

MR. A. V. ALEXANDER, First Lord of the Admiralty, in a speech at Sheffield, referred to scholarships to Dartmouth Naval College, and said they had been founded as a result of his desire that the profession of the Royal Navy should be opened as widely as possible. It was not possible, however, for many parents to meet the high cost of training at Dartmouth, and the scholarships were designed to enable even the poorest parents to send their boys there.

"I cannot emphasise too strongly that any boy from the secondary schools, no matter whether his family have had any connection with the sea, is eligible;

and that we have already got in Dartmouth the sons of parents of almost every conceivable trade and profession. No fewer than thirty scholarships are offered every year for candidates from grant-aided secondary schools, ten at each of the three examinations, in February, May and November."

The value of the scholarships varied according to the financial position of the parents, but he would emphasise that they were very generous, and that the poorest parents incurred no expense whatever. The scheme was only an experiment, though so far it had been working satisfactorily.



# SUNDAY FARE

TRY THIS!



Here are nine glasses of "Light" Ale. Can you link them all together with four straight lines without lifting pen from paper?

(Solution in S14)

## ODD CORNER

MANY years ago an acre of land at Swaston, near the Essex-Cambridge boundary, was left in a will to the overseers of the parish, with instructions that thereon they should grow peas for distribution to the local poor. Until the outbreak of war, people could take their baskets to the field and pick free peas for their families.

William Keyte died at Ebrington, in Gloucestershire, in 1632. In his will he left the milk of ten cows for the poor of Ebrington from May till November, "annually for ever." That free milk was still being distributed in 1938. Now it probably goes into the general pool.

The parish clerk of Orwell, Cambridgeshire, has no wages, but is allowed to grow his own foodstuffs on an acre of land known locally as Amen Field.

## Submariners' Hobbies—No. 11

### SLIPPERS from STRING

By MARY ELELYN

This is the first time a woman has contributed to the pages of "Good Morning." She is an art mistress, and has a lot of ideas for useful articles that can be made from odds and ends in a few moments. Submariners who would like to make their wives or girl friends (or themselves for that matter) a pair of useful sandals, have here the instructions for doing so.

SLIPPERS are easy and interesting to make, besides being economical—they need no coupons and can be made from odds and ends. Soles made from rope or string last indefinitely. To make them, stand on a sheet of paper and run a pencil round the stocking feet. This gives the size of the sole. Have ready a length of about ten or twelve yards of plaited packing string.

Using a packing needle, threaded with fine string, or



Diagram 1

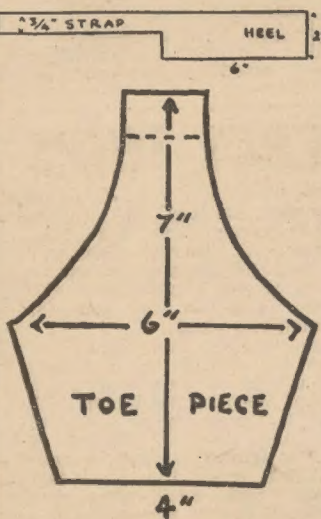


Diagram 2

very strong double thread, stitch the plait to form a sole, using the diagram as a guide. (See Diag. 1.) Commence with a straight strip, about five and a half inches long. Double back on it as shown, and proceed as in the diagram, stitching into position, and working round and round until the sole is almost covered. Then, when half-way down the foot, turn back, making a complete circuit. Then round the toe again,

and half-way down the foot end off. This arrangement gives the extra width for the toe. Make another sole to correspond.

The uppers may be made from sail-cloth; old felt hats will do, or cross-stitch worked on canvas. For the sandal type, cut the material according to the illustration. (See Diag. 2.) The edges should be bound with coloured bias binding or wool braid.

The sandals can be fastened with cords, or if desired straps may be attached to the heel pieces threaded through the loop of the fronted piece and fastened with a button and loop. Inside soles may be cut from any thick material or felt. For the cold weather, inside soles of sheepskin (which can be bought ready to fix) make the slippers very cosy. Here you see the finished article. (See Diag. 3.)

In my next article I shall describe how ladies' handbags can be made easily from carpet binding.



Diagram 3

## ECCENTRICS

No. 3

BEGGARS were as thick in the English countryside in the eighteenth century as door-to-door salesmen were in pre-war years—and just as artful.

Some of them were genuine: pitiful creatures who eked out a miserable existence by exhibiting their sores or disabilities in the hope of a few coppers or a silver piece. Others were rogues who found this method of making a living far easier and often more profitable than working at a steady job.

But the most amazing, and the most cunning, of this roadside brotherhood was a man who turned his back on the comforts and plenty of a wealthy home to embark upon a career of begging, swindling and hypocrisy. He was so successful in this business that he became the King of the Beggars in his native county of Devonshire.

He was Bampfylde Carew, son of the Rector of Bickford. The family was well-to-do and respected in Devonshire, and young Carew was sent to a good school.

The Tiverton schoolboys were a wild lot, and Carew joined them in some exciting escapades, until, threatened with severe punishment by the headmaster, he and some other boys went off to join a band of gipsies who were in camp nearby.

### Schoolboy hero

They were so delighted with the freedom and novelty of the camp that they agreed to become members of the tribe, and after being sworn in, young Carew set the seal on his apprenticeship by swindling a lady of Taunton of twenty guineas by pretending to find a hidden treasure by astrology.

His favourite pose was that of a shipwrecked sailor. But he became a master of disguise, and in various costumes he visited the house of one local baronet three times in one day, and each time, by a heart-rending tale, got something from his victim's purse.

On one occasion he dressed as a clergyman, and by his

piety persuaded many church people to subscribe towards his upkeep. But, hearing that some Quakers had been shipwrecked, he cast off his clerical garb, and dressing himself in the plain cloth worn by this community, he managed to make money out of this, too, pretending he was one of the unfortunate castaways.

### Just fooling

There are many stories of how he fooled prominent people of the county who knew him well by his remarkable ability to act a part in various disguises.

Once, when he was posing as a rat-catcher, he was recognised by a company of men and women at a house where he called. One of them expressed his pleasure at seeing for the first time so famous a character as Bampfylde Carew.

"Do you remember a poor wretch with a stocking round his head, an old woman's ragged mantle on his shoulders, no shirt to his back nor stockings to his legs, who said he was a shipwrecked mariner?" asked Carew. "Why, yes; I gave him a guinea and a suit of clothes," replied the man.

"He was no other than the expert rat-catcher now before you," said Carew with a smile.

Some of the company refused to believe he could take them in again. So Carew swore he would return to the house on a certain day and that they would not know him.

The day arrived, and while the company waited for him to turn up there was an uproar in the courtyard. The house dogs had set upon a poor old woman and the three children hanging on her skirts.

They got the dogs away, and thought to appease the terrified old lady by giving her a bowl of soup and half-a-crown.

To their amazement, the old hag yelled out a loud hunting cry and burst out laughing. They had been fooled by Carew again.

### Another victim

Once, pretending he had given up his old ways, this master beggar stayed as a guest with a Colonel who knew his family well. They were to hunt the next morning, but when the time came Carew told his host he was too ill to go out, and the Colonel rode to hounds without him.

Returning from the hunt, the Colonel saw a haggard-looking old cripple with a long white beard by the roadside. The old man was moaning piteously, and when the Colonel drew up his horse, showed him a wound in his leg and told him a harrowing story of misfortune.

The Colonel, touched by the old man's woes, tossed him half-a-crown and continued on his way.

At dinner that night, Carew asked the Colonel whether he had not met a very miserable object on his road home. "Indeed I did," replied the Colonel, "a very miserable object," and related the story of the old cripple.

When Carew revealed he was that miserable object, the Colonel refused to believe it. It was only when the artful beggar went out of the room and returned in his disguise that the Colonel laughingly admitted he had been caught.

Soon after this, the head of the gipsies died, and Carew was elected King of the Beggars in his place. Though it was the custom for the King to be supported by the contributions of his tribe, Carew could not keep away from the life he enjoyed so much.

### Deported

His career ended when he was arrested as an idle vagrant and sentenced at the Exeter sessions to transportation to America. Sadly he went aboard the ship that was to take him away from the little lanes, the wide heaths, the sunny hills, and the sea-swept beaches of his native county.

After an attempt at escape he was put to forced labour under dreadful conditions. When, finally, he got away from the penal settlement, he joined an Indian tribe. After many experiences he was able to board a ship for England.

When he arrived, the press-gang was at work, shanghaiing seamen and landmen for the Navy. Carew had not lost his wits. He pricked his face and hands and rubbed in salt and gunpowder to give the appearance of smallpox scars.

He eventually rejoined his wife and the fraternity of beggars, but he never "worked the roads" again.



It's evening once again, and there are lines to be baited for the morrow. Here they are at work

What  
is  
it?



Here's this week's picture puzzle for you to solve. The answer to last Sunday's issue was the back of a toothbrush.



Two of the sturdy fisher-wives of the North-East Coast carry the catch of a coble ashore.

## Harvest of the Sea

By  
F. W. REED

BOTH Mr. and Mrs. Bill Brown are fisher folk, and they belong to that fraternity of people who rise every morning at 5.30 to gather the harvest of food which waits off the shores of Britain. They are just two of thousands who toil throughout the day—and night—yet await the call of the distressed seamen in their short leisure hours, to give battle against the tempests in the life-boat.

Throughout Britain these men and women are working as hard as it is possible, because many trawlers have been taken for use by the Navy as mine-sweepers, therefore reducing the hauls of fish.

In fair weather and foul, the small petrol-driven cobbles make their way to sea among the minefields, riding the crest of the wave one moment and lost in the swell another moment, as they head for the grounds. The women take their part beside the men, hauling the boats down to the sea, baiting the lines while they are away, and hauling the boats up the beach again after the day's work. That's not all—they carry the catch to the fish market, putting their backs into the work as if every action was vital.

These women are amazing workers, considering that their homes are kept spotlessly clean, because during the day they bait the lines. There are 700 hooks to each line. With six lines to be done and two muskels on each, that's a great job, and a dirty one at that. But they smile.

Excitement is a usual occurrence among the inshore men. Very often, when fishing, a Nazi mine goes drifting by to catch in their lines a few yards away. But they can take care of themselves. Using a knife, they just cut the line nearest to the mine, then go to the other side and do likewise. Taking the position of the mine, they advise the coastguard who deals with it. But they go on fishing.

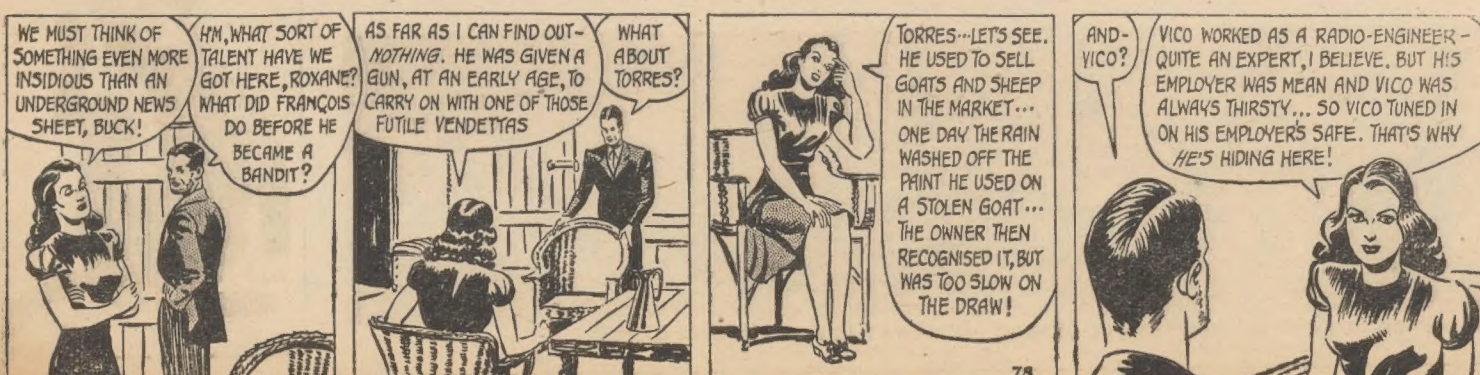
Their day never finishes. Even when they have a few hours off they can be seen taking part in Civil Defence work . . . or standing by to sail the life-boat in an emergency.



Landing his catch. Carrying a creel of fish to the women waiting with the trays.



# BUCK RYAN



## We can't Can without Tin

By ALFRED RHODES

JUST as tinned (or, as they say in U.S.A., canned) food was a war discovery, so the discovery has meant a revival in the tin industry.

But the greatest discovery of all which science has made is that we can live on tinned food all our lives and not be the slightest bit the worse for it. This is contrary to what some people believe; but it is a solid fact.

Just before the war biological experts took 1,700 rats and used them as an experiment. Half the number were fed on nothing but tinned products. The other half got untinned food.

In eighteen months, when four generations had been reared, there was not the slightest difference between the two sets in growth, health or fertility.

In that time the rats fed on tinned food had eaten three and a half tons of fish, fruit, vegetables, syrup, and 800 pints of evaporated milk.

### "BONY" WAS FIRST.

Napoleon, it may be news to most people, was the person who first found tinned food came to his men's aid. He found it so difficult to feed his troops when they went into battle, or on the march, that he offered in 1795 a prize of 10,000 francs to anybody who could devise a method of keeping food fresh for long periods.

The prize was won by a Paris confectioner, named Nicholas Appert, who boiled all food-stuffs in glass bottles.

### CAN INVENTOR?

But it was an Englishman, Peter Durand, who invented the "tin." His process was clumsy, but it made mass production possible. His method was to put the food into iron containers, and the containers were coated with a thin film of tin inside.

At that time all tins were made by hand. The most skilled craftsmen could not turn out more than about fifty per day. At the present time machines can turn out better containers at the rate of 300 per minute!

You may remember the label, perhaps, those very early tins which instructed the owner to "cut round the top with a hammer and chisel." That was Durand's method. Or your grandfather may remember, or his father.

During the present war one such tin was opened. It had been sealed for over a century. The seal inside was found to be in perfect condition.

The present method, however, of sealing tins was discovered by an American, Max Ams. He used a special seam and a rubbery material, and so could dispense with soldering—for occasionally tiny pieces of solder got into the food. Now the standard of manufacture has reached such an efficient level that, when tests for air-tightness are made, only two out of every thousand are found deficient. And often the percentage is less than that.

In many canneries the fruit is tinned and ready for delivery within a few hours of being picked and delivered from the orchards.

In vegetables that require peeling, such as carrots and potatoes, the peeling machines whirl the vegetables around against a hard surface like coarse sand-paper. Every scrap of skin is taken off.

There are mechanical choppers, sorters, mixers, and only a few operations are carried out by hand. One of these is where girls, seated beside the belts of foodstuffs, remove any inedible parts as the belt moves along.

### INVENTOR CAN CAN.

Next in the process is treatment by hot water, which is practically the first step in cooking, or it may be scalding. Then the filling machines take a hand, and a procession of washed empty tins move along to be filled. This is done automatically at exactly the right moment, and the food tipped into every tin.

After that the tin is sealed by a method that ensures all air is removed. The sealing machines can operate 150 tins per minute.

But that is not the end. In order to destroy every bit of microscopical bacteria the tins are heated in giant retorts and exposed to steam pressure of 240 degrees Fahrenheit, where required. Some fruits do not require so great a heat. And after that the tins are labelled and the job is done.



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## CHEAT!



"No! Mr. Park-keeper, I'm not sitting on the chair, so why should I pay?"



## This England

Harvesting for Victory, this charming member of our Women's Land Army was a few months ago selling perfume in a West End store. A typical picture of this England's womanhood to-day.



## WASHINGTON!

But it's not the White House, but the blacksmith's at Washington, Co. Durham, which interests these U.S. naval men.



## Show a Leg!

And she takes her daddy literally, whether she hears the time honoured command in her cot or in her bath-tub.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"That baby could almost wash herself this way."



There's always the awkward one to put the whole file out of step—it's the fifth one in this case!